

SEXXXY
TRANS
MASC
DIARIES

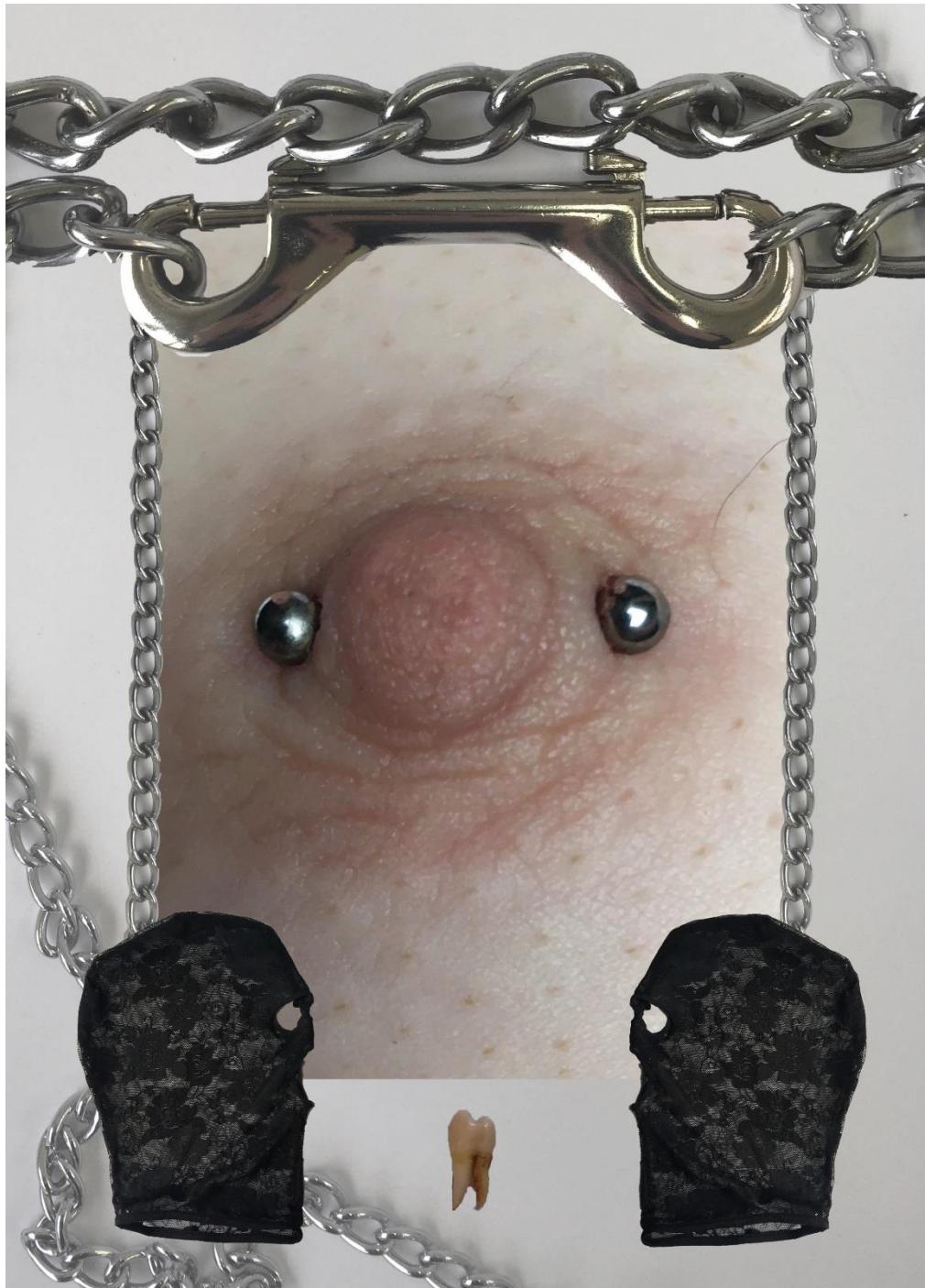




Sacrilegious by Isaac De Koster

Find him on Instagram! @0spacecase0

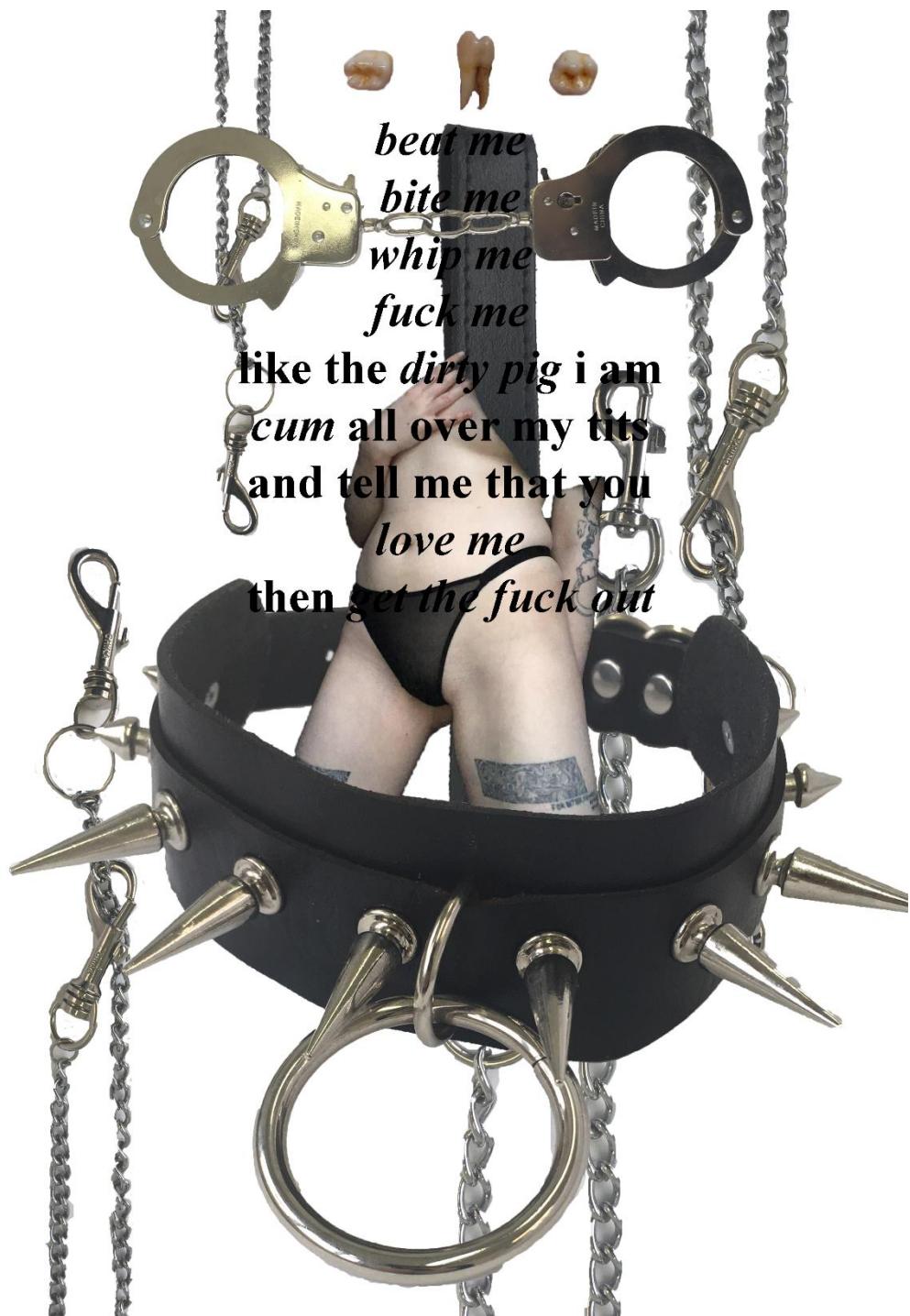
Isaac's collage expresses feelings surrounding coming to terms with his gender identity; he explores themes around fear, inadequacy and how society perceives him.



The soft Edges of A Man by Florian



Fruit (derogatory) by Florian



Adam by Florian

Find him on Instagram @florian.lh.art

Jesus Christ's Top Surgery Scars by Christ Meadowcroft

Last night, writhing in summer heat, I dreamt of Christ,
in a heaven of cement, an industrial paradise—
multi-story carpark, and let me tell you, he was just my type,
all long hair and boyish girlishness- stuck in inbetweens.

I smoke a cigarette and tell him I never really knew my dad either,
Jesus rolls like a devout addict, and he only smokes pure
joints, forming smoke rings with lips like blushing pilgrims,
says he subscribed to my onlyfans, that my body is holy.

We ate pomegranates and figs in the dark, sat on hot tarmac,
said he'd gone off apples— something about the taste of sin,
juice drips lazily down chin, sticky traveller, resting on scars,
ribcage. Horizontal lines, as if to underline importance.

He kissed me, the sweetness, the hunger and holy lust,
ripe lips of young man, tongue righteous against mine,
the friction of barely there facial hair, scratching at skin,
and his bloodied knuckles against my boyish breasts.

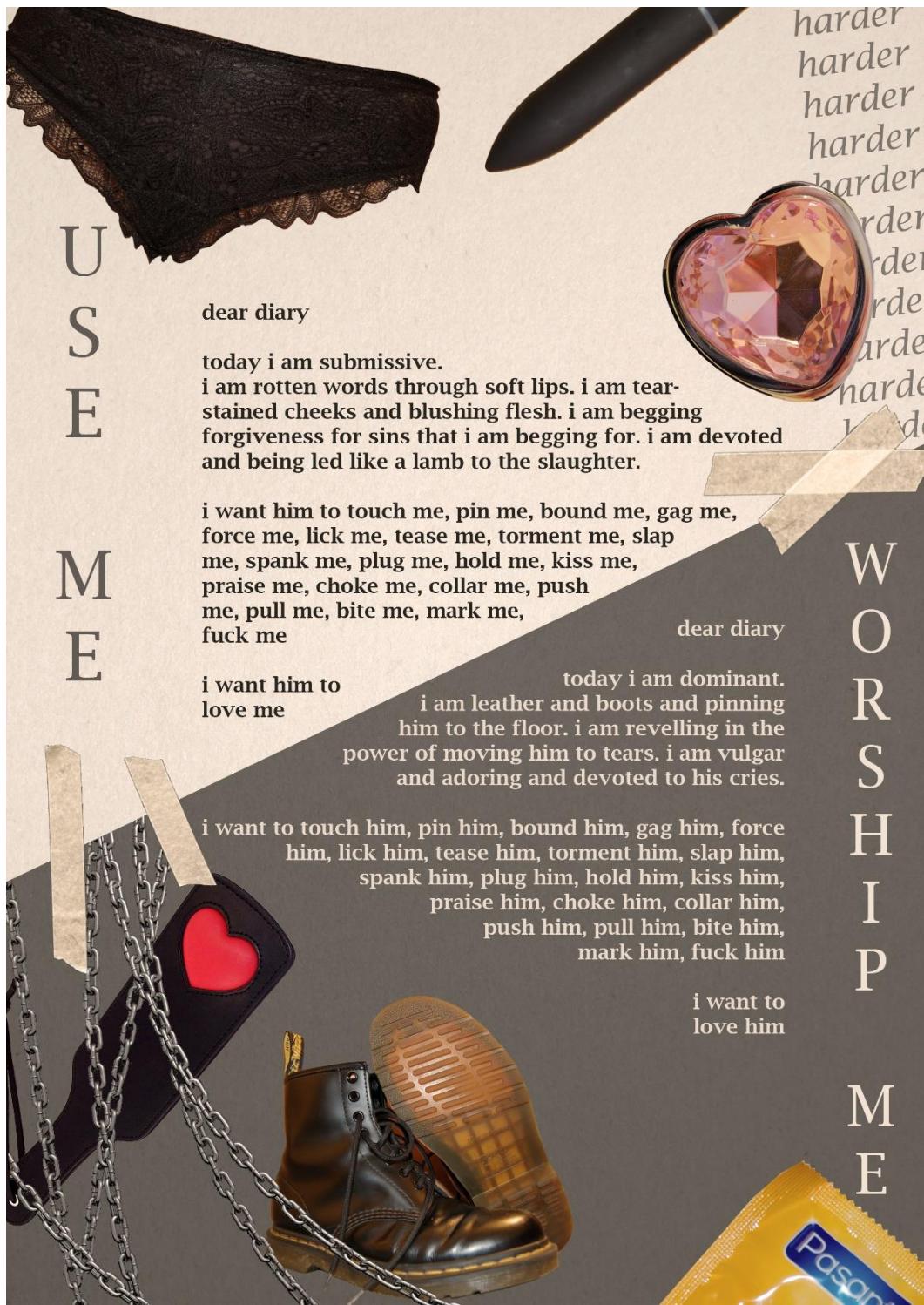
“Chris Meadowcroft is a poet whose work focuses on reconciling ideas of religion, sex, pleasure, queerness and the body.”

Find him on Instagram @pansy.division



Horticultural Lad by Archer Prouse

"This piece is somewhat a celebration of my femininity as a gay, transmasc person. Every flower has a meaning specific to how I view myself and present myself to those around me, especially my partner. (Pansy, daisy & buttercup - derogatory names for gay men; lavender & green carnation - references to queer men; peony - masculinity; coriander - lust; orange & coral rose - desire)."



Dear Diary by Archer Prouse

“A very self-indulgent piece about being a switch and the different connotations, objects and emotions I associate with being a dom/sub. I wanted to explore how I fit into the roles and how I want myself or my partner to be treated and how they eventually mirror one another.”

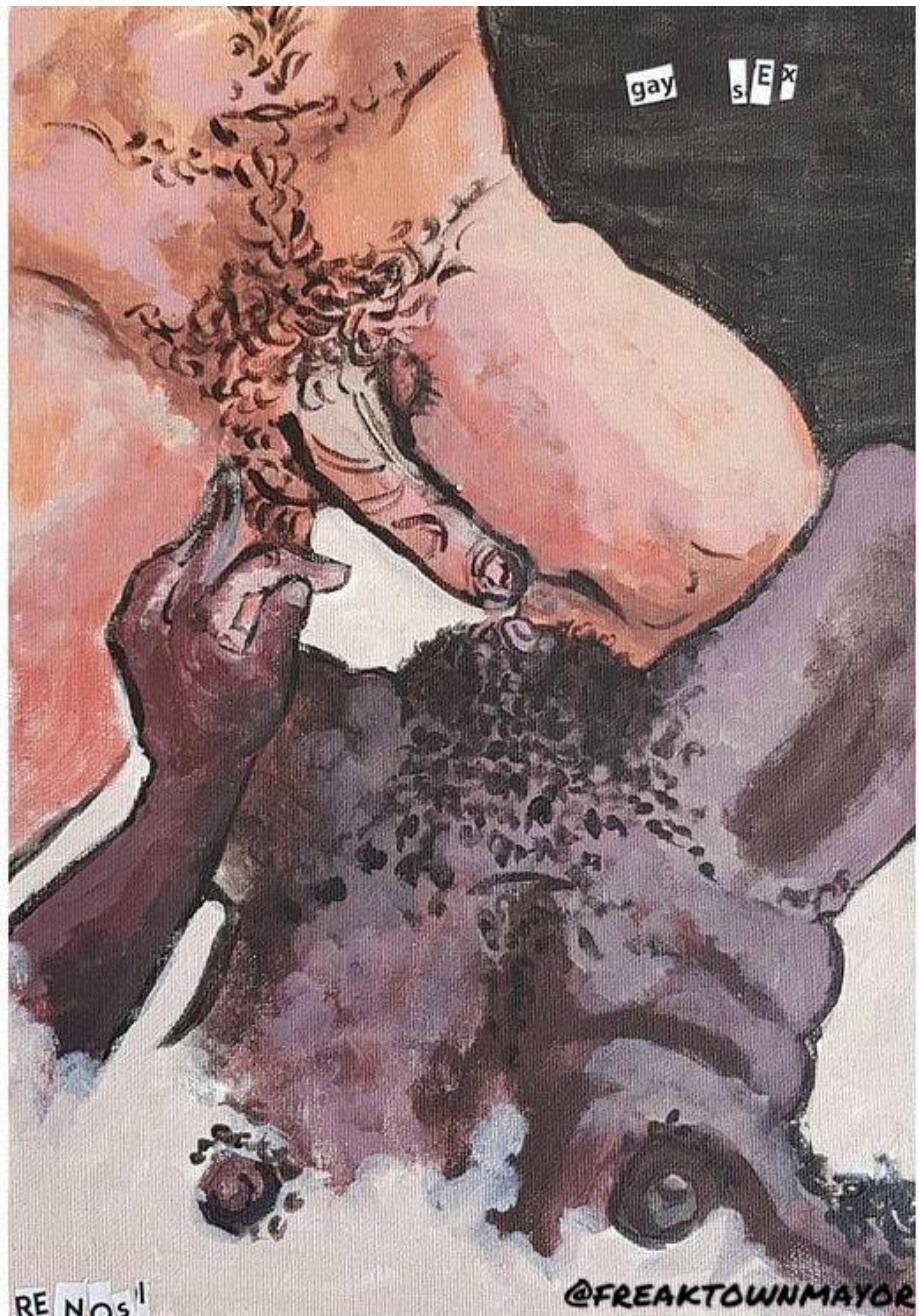
Find him on Instagram @hydrangeahound



You Are My Religion (dip in) by Rudy Tomala

“This piece is based around body worship and the forbidden.”

Find them on Instagram @transrebelcowboy



Gay Sex by Raphaël Oscar Renosi.

“Navigating the gay community is hard as a trans man. I wanted to represent one the many kinds of gay sex one can have. When people think of two men in a relationship they mostly don't think of two trans men together or a trans man dating a cis man.

For me, this painting means « we exist ».”



Untitled by Raphaël Oscar Renosi.

"This work is untitled, ever since I started transitioning I've been unwillingly obsessed with body proportions and curves and what makes a body socially recognized as female or male. I try to exaggerate that in my work."



Illusion by Raphaël Oscar Renosi.

"Illusion is a self-portrait... At night when i take off my clothes this is who I really am. Years of transitioning, I've managed to get a grasp on the art of passing even if it's (so fucking) oppressive, it's still comforting in some way. How do cis men walk? how do they behave around each other? why did this stranger think I was a girl at first glance?

You adapt and sacrifice your feminine side just to be seen as who you are, that's passing to me."

Find him on Instagram @freaktownmayor

Genitals are not the main course by Frogb0i

I am yet to find a cis gay man who makes me feel divine.

They cannot spare the time to learn, that my trans body has different buttons and switches that must be carefully aligned; and that their cis genitals are not better than mine.

Their satisfaction is not more important than mine.

They don't earn a gold star of "ally ship" for interacting with my body.

Their genitals are not the main course. It should go as follows:

Starter:

Words - whispered,

Hands - held,

Neck - kisses, **Hair** - twirled

Main course: Me

Main course: Me

Main course: Me

Dessert: cis gay man

Bodies by Frogb0i

Their scars were in the same place as mine,
And as our bodies intertwined,
My mind realised that for the first time in my life,
I felt pride, to be alive.



2020, by Frogb0i.

"Frogb0i is a genderless cryptid with many faces, born into a post-apocalyptic world. Less than a year old when they came into creation, they often take the form of goblins and swampy trash creatures. Frogb0i takes inspiration from club kid culture, vapourwave and clownpunk and throws them all together."

I am a black trans non-binary creative, drag performance artist, poet and queer activist. I live in Manchester, UK with my lil cat and enjoy vegan cheese n bean toasties, watching and creating lgbtqia+ media and drawing/writing."

Find him on Instagram @frogb0i and www.frogb0i.com

Straight Sex, What's The Point Of That..?



KASPER-UNO-WINDU

Straight Sex, What's the Point in That? By Kasper- Uno.

MOONRISE KINGDOM



Moonrise Kingdom by Kasper-Uno

Find him on Instagram @kram.jpeg and @kasper.uno

GOOD BOYS DON'T HAVE BAD URGES By Toni H

I write about sex because it's given me so many minutes spent pretending to be loved. We're in your bedroom and I'm clutching the edge of your bed, trying so hard not to want you that I think my heart might spill out of my wrists. My pulse leaps out of my skin and I'm scared you might see it; an electrocardiac tell for how badly I want to bite into you. I stare at the roof and count my heartbeats for a minute, wishing I could see your ceiling from another angle, your sweet face coming towards mine; a predatory animal coming in to bite me, a new risk coming in to kiss me.

Like you and me, I don't think sex and fear can ever be separated completely. I see flashes of flesh, of naked men touching my hair, and suddenly they're strangling me, and I'm supposed to like it. They ask me, 'Why are you so scared of your own body? Is it because you know what it can do to destroy you? Is it because you've felt yourself suffer under your own hands?', I'm scared of my body underneath another's hands - choked out like reverberating guitar strings, screaming out of tune.

I just want to yearn without feeling dirty. I just want you to make me feel dirty in a way I can enjoy. I wish you didn't use me to learn how to be human, but if you're going to do it, can you at least do it good? Do it like you love me: with white-rapped knuckles grabbing onto pools of bedsheets and skin; with burst blood vessels freckling our skin like constellations the ancient Greeks forgot to name; with our bodies outlined in sweat on your single bedsheets like a cordonned murder scene. Love me like I love you, and I'll lie down again.

Find him on Instagram: @quasistellarobject





Gay Trans* Autoeroticism



Artist: Zoé Influenza (she/her)
Model: James A. (he/him)

A trans man exploring desire and lust, battling shame and stigma, engaging in sexual activities with himself. a sexual being that is not a fetish but a strong and independent queer. a kind of self-love, self-acceptance and self-care.

All three pictures were taken using long exposure, no layering or photoshop.
apart from reworking colour and shades.

Find them both on Instagram @zinfluenza and @violent_femme_the_tomcat

[Retrans My Body by Andie Sheridan](#)

If I were to retrain my body, I would unfondant the hills of my stomach. (Let's be real, a knife would be involved.) I would know what wisteria looked like and more specifically, what it looked like wrapped around my forehead. Out of each sparse eyebrow. You would help me pluck them every day: hedging at disbelief. It would look like living till thirty.

My hands would be able to be complete, sans you and yours.

I would make sure to be mistaken for a cowboy most of the time. Even when my bed became part of my body. (Same as the depression that makes a word-shepherd out of me.)

I would retry having a healthy relationship with you. Not sure that it would work, but the effort would be there. Real-talking it over in the mirror before I made a dentist appointment over the phone. Retracting my paper-fish lips' instinct to swallow themselves. I could bring my mouth to our blowups instead of retreating. You could try not making snide remarks at the tattoos that crop up on my arms like obstinate living.

Daydreaming could be my fifth limb. (My life-carcass might then feel like home.)

I would buy love-sickles to shackle myself to joy. I would carry them with me everywhere I went. I would take my body everywhere to not-disappear.

Vivifying myself was the point. (The garden gloves would insist that I think about transitioning.) My heart is always afraid of going under-and-asunder. Maybe I wouldn't have to self-assimilate to feel like myself. Wheelbarrowing away at every turn without any end in sight.

"I'm interested in thinking about trans bodies as rebirth. As experimental, tightly-crafted resistance in opposition to white, cisheteronormative canon. As a cohesive alternative to the body that transracial adoption attempts to split. With this poem, I'm not relying on anyone else's terms, but creating myself: my body as art and the language it deserves."

Find them on Instagram @futuresappho

I_s_i_t_a
b_o_y_y_e_t_?



Is It A Boy Yet? By Jay Alexander

Reset and Restore by Jay Alexander

Take my throat in one hand and clutch my body in the other like it's sacred

/Crash/Thrash/

like the waves onto pebbled shores

Taste the honeyed blood dripping from his fingertips, cradle hands that push
constellations together

I want him to tear me apart like a bombed-out church, desolated purity

To fuck me so raw

That even the bell tower must cover its ears

Dysphoria be damned, a body is a body,

/Skin/

/Blood/

/Flesh/and/Bone

Pieced together like shards of stained glass

“Pick your size, shape and colour cause I can never disappoint.’

My sex is interchangeable, ever flexible

My flesh is a cathedral made for my own restoration

For H



Silence by Jay Alexander

Jaydan Alexander is a multidisciplinary artist and Fine Art graduate who has explored a multitude of themes that all stem from his own lived experiences as a transgender male, a member of the LGBT community, a mental health sufferer, suicide survivor and as a 'born-again' baptised Christian.

His interests lie within exploring sociological issues such as gender roles and inequalities, mental health struggles with particular attention paid to anxiety, depression and trauma; He uses his own experiences with the hopes to use his microscopic individual experiences/emotions to shed a light on the macro-cosmic and universal issues many others face in their day to day lives.

His work does not seek to shed a light on these topics to gain sympathies but to remind viewers to have empathy and compassion for one another.

Find him on Instagram @jaydanalexanderart



Prep by Eli Moore

“This piece is normalising and raising awareness of PrEP use within trans communities, creating discussions surrounding our own sexual health. With PrEP now being available on the NHS throughout the UK, it is vital that we begin to include trans people within conversations surrounding safe sex. Sexual health campaigns that are inclusive of trans people are needed more than ever if we want to promote good sexual health and well-being within trans communities.”

Find him on Instagram @gayndumbb

Hello! Rudy here, or as some of you know me as transrebelcowboy. I just want to say a massive thank you to everyone who has submitted, shared and engaged with this zine. It is so warming to create this space in which we can celebrate a sexy side of being transmasc, it has been so interesting seeing the variety of responses!

The reach of this zine has been amazing, and I am looking forward to planning another one! Keep an eye out.

Thank you

- Rudy x